



Spring Medicine

Is especially important to all who are closely confined in poorly ventilated offices and workshops. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is the standard Sarsaparilla spring medicine.

Vitalizes spring medicine because the close confinement and smell of ink cause my blood to become impure, and dyspepsia.

The Blood

Last winter I had the grip, and when I recovered I was a mere skeleton. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time my appetite became better, and by degrees I could see I was gaining flesh. I can now say there is not a medicine on the market equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I weigh 160 lbs., against 140 when I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. G. A. HILBERT, Perry, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

And Spring Medicine. Now is the time to take it, because now is the time when it will do you the most good. Get Only Hood's.

Hood's Pills

Get harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

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THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does the plant who plants a tree?

He plants a friend of sun and sky;

He plants the flag of breezes free;

The shaft of beauty towering high;

He plants a home to heaven anigh;

For song and mother crown of bird,

In hushed and happy twilight heard—

The thrill of heaven's harmony—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does the plant who plants a tree?

He plants the forest's heritage;

And seed and bud of days to be,

And years that fade and flush again

He plants the glory of the plain;

He plants the forest's heritage;

The harvest of a coming age;

The joy that unborn eyes shall see—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does the plant who plants a tree?

He plants in sap and leaf and wood,

In love of home and loyalty

And far east thought of civildood.

His blessing on the neighborhood,

Who in the hollow of his hand

Holds all the growth of all our land.

A nation's growth from sea to sea

Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—H. C. Bunner.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

MISS AURICULA

Pendham was

neither young

nor beautiful.

In the world's

eyes she was

long past the

age of romance.

But in the

heart of a true

woman there is

always a soft

spot where o

youth and hope bloom eternally.

She lived in a little hall bedroom,

in one of those great, unhome-like

boarding houses, where people are

packed together like sardines in a box,

and worked for Mademoiselle Vicini,

the fashionable milliner of Playport.

She had a speaking acquaintance with

Mrs. Bloom, the plump widow, who

sat opposite her at table; Kitty Supple,

the pretty shop-girl on her left,

who despised homely people, and

thought no one ought live after she

was past thirty; and Mr. Mills, the

foreman in the printing office of the

Playport Eagle, who sat at the corner

beyond, and that was all.

During the day she worked hard at

the store; in the evenings she sat at a

window, with a shawl across her

shoulders, and mended her clothes

and read her Testament, and crocheted

on a black worsted mat, which had

been on hand for a year at least, be-

cause Kitty Supple generally had

been in the parlor, and audibly de-

clared that "she thought old maids

had no business to be peeping and

prying!"

And upon the whole, it was not a

very lively life.

Mr. Mills, up in his second-story

front, was as solitary as she, no

doubt. But he was a man. He could

go out to theatres, reading-rooms,

chess clubs. Miss Pendham was

tempted to wish at times that she was

a man.

There was such an utter loneliness

in her heart, that when Billy Parks,

the landlady's little boy, brought his

mittens to her to mend early on the

morning of the first of April, he was

glad of the chance to talk to some-

body.

"I say, Miss Pendham," observed this

artless youth, "why don't you get

married?"

"I don't like her. I wouldn't marry

her, not for a hundred dollars!" She

told mother about the comic valentine

I sent her, and mother gave me a

licking. But I'll be quits with her yet.

I'll April-fool her, see if I don't!

Did you ever get April-fooled, Miss

Pendham, when you was a girl? Or

April-fool other folks?"

"Sometimes," said Miss Pendham,

a moisture blurring her vision as she

remembered the great, fragrant barn

at home, and the slim girl—could it

be possible that it was herself?—fill-

ing the lens' nests with empty egg

shells and deceptive china eggs, to de-

ceive the laughing little brothers who

were dead and gone long ago.

"Wasn't it fun, though?" said Billy,

with a chuckle. "I mean to April-fool

everybody in the house. Thankee,

Miss Pendham!"

And snatching the mittens from her

hand, he scampered cheerily down

stairs, three steps at a time, finishing

up with a prolonged slide down the

banisters.

While Miss Pendham tried on her

bonnet, arranged her little gray shawl

and went to Mademoiselle Vicini's,

with a handbox in her hand, which

contained Miss Helena Montrose's

wedding bonnet—a marvel of white

tulle, orange-buds and point-lace—

upon which she had worked late the

preceding night.

And Kitty Supple, who was late at

the store, tripped after her, with

fluffy, brown fringes of hair escaping

from under her turban hat, and blue

eyes sparkling with mischief.

But she had a pale, frightened look

when she got to the store.

"Of course I didn't mean it," said

Kitty; "and I don't suppose it signi-

fies anything. P at the parcel was just

slipped in under the string that tied

the bonnet, and it was the easiest

thing in the world to pull it out. I

couldn't help laughing to think how

astonished she would be to find it

gone, and I opened it and peeped in

to see what it was. Elegant point lace,

that must have cost five or six dollars

a yard! And I put it in my pocket!

And when I net felt for my pocket-

handkerchief it was gone. Now I've

walked twice over the road, and asked

every one I met if they had seen a

parcel, wrapped in brown paper and

tied with pink twine, and no one had.

I wish to goodness I hadn't touched

the old thing. But Miss Pendham will

never know who took it—that's one

comfort."

And Kitty Supple cried at intervals

all day behind the counter. The joke

had not proved so jocose as she had

imagined it would be.

"Gone!" shrilly shrieked Made-

moiselle Vicini. "That point lace!

Miss Montrose's elegant Point d'Alen-

con, imported directly from Paris for

her wedding hat—gone! Of course

you know, Miss Pendham, that I shall

hold you responsible for the twenty-

five dollars which those five yards of

lace were valued at. Nor do I care to

retain in my service a young person

so exceedingly unreliable as you have

shown yourself to be. You will be

good enough to provide yourself with

another situation by this day month."

So Kitty Supple was miserable, and

so was Auricula Pendham; and the

only happy person concerned in the

point-lace transaction was Master Billy

CURIOUS FACTS.

Carnations came from the Nether-

lands.

The word Turk is said to signify

wanderer.

Ruffles for the wrists were originally

called hand-cuffs.

The light-houses of the world num-

ber more than 7000.

An almoner was the purse carried

by ladies at their belts.

Chaucer mentions the apron, call-

ing it the "barne cloth."

The first Grand Army post was the

Deceatur Post, of Decatur, Ill.

Frost that would leave its marks for

years elsewhere is forgotten in a sea-

son down in Florida.

Prince Hugo Boncompagni, Duke

of Sora, after studying theology for

two years, has finally become a priest.

In China a man may wear the same

garments a life time without being

out of style, so little does the fashion

change.

The eagle teaches self-reliance to its

young. When the little eagles are

able to fly they are banished from the

home nest.

There is a spring on Pecos River, in

San Miguel County, New Mexico,

which throws out a stream fifteen feet

wide and three feet deep.

Cultivated plums, of which there

are now several hundred varieties, all

descended from the original species,

which was a native of the South-Cas-

sanian country.

A lively old farmer is Nathan White,

of Rutherford County, North Caro-

lina. Last June he was 100 years of

age, and he still does the heaviest

farm work, plowing, etc.

The albatross has been known to

follow a ship for two months without

ever being seen to alight in the water

or take a moment's rest. It is be-

lieved to sleep on the wing.

The juvenile King of Spain is not

allowed to play with other boys, nor

even with his own sisters, because, ac-

cording to Spanish etiquette, a King

may only associate with his equals.

A woman suing for breach-of-prom-

ise in a Bavarian court, when she saw

the case going against her, brought a

truck of a tree, on which the defend-

ant had carved his initials with hers

in a flaming heart.

The longest time during which a

note has remained outside the Bank of

England is 111 years. It was for \$125,